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of her beloved. As yet the signal was not displayed, and alternately the sport of hope and fear, she gazed in breathless expectation. He too, eager to embrace his betrothed, impatiently paced the deck with rapid stride, and chid his adverse fortune, when casting his eyes towards the beach, he discerned through the haze, the battlemented tower; deeming it the certain token of an invading foe, he burned with indignation, and in a burst of martial fury he summoned his warlike followers to arms. Indignantly he pointed out what he considered the mark of his disgrace, and forgetful of his compact, commanded the blood-red flag to be displayed. Slowly its sanguine folds unfurled and floated on the wind. With a thrill of agony the maiden descried the signal of death. "Darkness came over her soul"—her eyes swam in mists—her tender limbs refused to perform their office—and from the summit of the lofty tower, she toppled headlong down, and at its base was dashed into a thousand fragments.

To the sceptical, the "Maiden Tower" still stands as proof positive of the truth of the story, and an evidence that "mistakes may happen in the best of families."

Another conjecture, not quite so poetical, but rather more rational, ascribes its foundation to the reign of Elizabeth; and its use, as before observed, that of a landmark to the toil-worn mariner. This has been stated in an essay, published some years since in the *Drogheda Journal*; and the reasons for this opinion advanced by the writer, appear to be conclusive, both from circumstances and analogy. The name, it is observed, is derived from the "maiden queen";—the use no person can mistake—and the architecture may be referred to that period. But conjecture is all that can be offered. All authentic documents have perished, and like many other memorials of past days, it mocks inquiry. Standing in isolated solitude, it braves the tempest's fury, and seems to look down with indifference on succeeding fleeting generations of busy mortals.

The situation is peculiarly lonely. The shore here, and for many miles to the north and south, is low and sandy. A range of sand-hills protects the inland from surging tide, and the surrounding campaign is a dreary waste, overgrown with ferns, and bent, or sea rush. A rabbit warren extends along the coast, covering an extensive area; and there is not a human habitation within a mile. Occasionally, in summer, the shore is visited at this spot by bathing parties from the interior; but except, on these occasions, the spot is marked by solitude, and strikingly desolate; yet, even under these disadvantages, this tower, a few years since, had a voluntary occupant, an evidence and example of the waywardness of human nature.

In the spring of the year 1819, the inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet were surprised by observing smoke issuing from an angle of the parapet, and on proceeding to ascertain the cause, they found on the upper platform, a care worn middle-aged female. She had gathered a quantity of bent, of which she had constructed a bed and lighted a fire; she had also brought thither a few articles of humble household furniture, and a wheel, on which she was spinning flax. On being questioned as to her motives for being in that out-of-the-way place, she said she was weary of the world, and had been directed by a vision to retire here; and that in this spot she was determined to spend the remainder of her life. She spoke fluently of revelations made to her; and as there are few characters held in such veneration by the rustic Irish, as a devotee, she became, not only an object of curiosity, but also of sympathy and reverence. In a short time, by the gratuitous labour of the peasantry, a shed roof was constructed over the platform; a rude chimney was erected; a bedstead and table provided; other little matters arranged for her comfort; and she appeared to be quite at home in her aerial habitation, from which she seldom descended, except on Sunday, when she regularly attended service in the Roman Catholic chapel of Mornington, and offered at the altar the weekly produce of her wheel, as she said, to "God, and the Blessed Virgin."

During the summer of 1819 her situation was not only agreeable but flattering. Visitors flocked in abundance to see, and converse with the recluse, and as few obtruded on her privacy without leaving a trifling sum or condi-

ment, her necessities were tolerably supplied. On these occasions she would allow the females of the party to ascend through the trap to the platform; but to the males she was inexorable—she would in no case admit them. Sometimes she would allow them to raise their heads above the level, but no more; and a certain wildness in her eye, and an occasional significant glance at a heavy stool, placed within reach of her wheel, was sufficient to repel the most courageous. Her conversation and answers were generally coherent, except on the particular subject of her voluntary seclusion; but on this topic she wandered, and gave evidence of a disordered imagination.—The writer had an opportunity of seeing her, and although her case was open to suspicion, he verily thinks she was sincere. Her appearance and manners were respectable, and she was scrupulously neat in her dress. She represented herself as a native of Drogheda, from which she had removed with her connexions in early youth. She had met misfortunes—had witnessed the death of all her friends—and outlived her affections; and now, in the evening of life, finding herself alone, and the world a dreary blank, had returned many a mile to live in this extraordinary place and manner.

The summer of 1819 passed, and winter, cold winter, asserted his sway; but even through the long, dark, dreary, and oft-times tempestuous night, her lamp still glimmered in the tower, and resolutely she held to her post and her purpose. A neighbouring gentleman, the late James Brabazon, Esq. of Mornington-house, pitying her fatuity, kindly took care she should not want actual necessities; and she weathered the storm, and spring and summer again smiled upon her, but the novelty was past. She lived some hundreds of years too late. Few thought the sight of a fool sufficient recompense for the labour of toiling up a spiral stair, like an everlasting cork-screw, and the poor creature was neglected and nearly forgotten. She, however, clung with tenacity to her resolution; although occasionally, she might be seen visiting the neighbouring cottages. But winter again set in—her good friend, Mr. Brabazon, was no more; her health failed; her heart sunk; her spirit was subdued; and this stylite of the nineteenth century, who, in a former age, would be thought worthy of canonization, was at length fain to seek a shelter and subsistence in the mendicity asylum of Drogheda.

Maiden Tower is three miles from Drogheda, and stands on the manor of Mornington, which gives title of Earl to the noble family of Wellesley. It will be recollected that this was the title borne by the father of the renowned Duke of Wellington. Near this spot Milesius and his followers first landed in Ireland; an event of which the voracious historian, Geoffrey Keating, gives a very circumstantial account, including that of the wonderful enchantments that prevented his debarkation for three days; most probably the delay was owing to the valour of the inhabitants. Here his son Coalpa was either killed or drowned, and his remains were interred at Coalp, about a mile and a half distant, to which place the circumstance gave name. His grave is still pointed out; and in the vicinity of that church-yard may be seen, in good preservation, an earthen fort, with strong ramparts and entrenchments.

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ANECDOTE OF YOUNG TOM SHERIDAN.

One day the junior Sheridan, who inherited a large portion of his father's wit and humour, dining with a party of his father's constituents, at the Swan, in Stafford; among the company were of course, a number of shoemakers—one of the most eminent of them being in the chair, in the course of the afternoon called on Tom for a sentiment. The call not being immediately attended to, the president, in rather an angry tone, repeated it; Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbours with a story, appeared displeased with this second interruption, and desiring that a bumper might be filled, he gave—"May the manufacture of Stafford be trampled upon by all the world." It is needless to say that this sally, given with apparent warmth, restored him to the favor of the president.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF SLEEP.

As nothing can contribute more to the healthy exercise of the faculties of mind and body, during the hours of labour, than a proper attention to the management of sleep, during the period allocated to repose, we are sure our readers will feel obliged by our laying before them the following remarks on this subject by the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie :

"The chamber in which we sleep should be always large, high-roofed, and airy. In modern houses, these requisites are too much overlooked ; and the sleeping apartments sacrificed to the public rooms, which are of great dimensions, while the bed-rooms resemble closets more than any thing else. This error is exceedingly detrimental to health. The rooms wherein so great a portion of life is passed should always be roomy, and, if possible, not placed upon the ground floor, because such a situation is apt to be damp and worse ventilated than higher up.

"The next consideration applies to the bed itself, which ought to be large, and not placed near to the wall, but at some distance from it, both to avoid any dampness which may exist, and admit a freer circulation of air. The curtains should never be drawn closely together, even in the coldest weather. Some space ought always to be left open ; and when the season is not severe, they should be removed altogether. The mattress, or bed, on which we lie, ought always to be rather hard. Nothing is more injurious to health than soft beds ; they effeminate the individual, render his flesh soft and flabby, and incapacitate him from undergoing any privation. The texture of which the couch is made, is not of much consequence, provided it be not too soft : hence, feather-beds, or mattresses of hair or straw, are almost equally good, if they are suitable in this particular. I may mention, however, that the hair mattress, from being cooler, and less apt to imbibe moisture, is preferable, at least during the summer season, to a bed of feathers. Those soft yielding feather beds, in which the body sinks deeper, are highly pernicious, as they keep up an unnatural heat, and maintain, during the whole night, a state of exhausting perspiration. Air beds have been lately recommended, but I can assert, from personal experience, that they are the worst that can possibly be employed. They become very soon heated to a most unpleasant degree ; and it is impossible to repose upon them with any comfort : the same remark applies to air-pillows, which I several times attempted to use, but was compelled to desist, owing to the disagreeable heat that generated in a few minutes.

"The pillow, as well as the bed or mattress, should be pretty hard. When it is too soft, the head soon sinks in it, and becomes very hot and unpleasant.

"With regard to the covering, there can be no doubt that it is most wholesome to lie between sheets. Some persons prefer having blankets next their skin, but this, besides being an uncleanly practice, is hurtful to the constitution, as it generates perspiration, and keeps up a heat which cannot but be injurious.

"A common custom prevails of warming the bed before we go to sleep. This, also, except with delicate people, and during very cold seasons, is pernicious. It is far better to let the bed be chafed by the natural heat of the body, which, in most cases, even in very severe weather, will be sufficient for the purpose.

"We ought never to sleep overloaded with clothes, but have merely what is sufficient to keep up a comfortable warmth, and no more. When this is exceeded, we straightway perspire, which not only breaks the sleep, but has a bad effect upon the system.

"When a person is in health, the atmosphere of his apartment should be cool ; on this account fires are exceedingly hurtful, and should never be had recourse to, except when the individual is delicate, or the weather intolerably severe. When they become requisite, we should carefully guard against smoke, as fatal accidents have arisen from this cause.

"Nothing is so injurious as damp beds. It becomes, therefore, every person, whether at home or abroad, to look to this matter, and see that the bedding on which he lies is thoroughly dry and free from even the slightest moisture. By neglecting such a precaution, rheumatism, colds, inflammations, and death itself may ensue. Indeed,

these calamities are very frequently traced to the circumstance of the person's having incautiously slept upon damp bed. For the same reason, the walls and floor of the room should be dry, and wet clothes should never be hung up, as the atmosphere is sure to become impregnated with a moisture which is highly pernicious. In like manner we should avoid sleeping in a bed that has been occupied by the sick, till the bedding has been cleansed and thoroughly aired. When a person has died of any infectious disease, the clothes in which he lay ought to be burned ; and this should be extended to the bed or mattress itself. Even the bedstead should be carefully washed and fumigated.

"On going to sleep, all sorts of restraints must be removed from the body ; the collar of the night shirt should be unbuttoned, and the neckcloth taken off. With regard to the head, the more lightly it is covered the better : on this account, we should wear a thin cotton or silk night cap ; and this is still better if made of net-work. Some persons wear worsted, or flannel caps, but these are exceedingly improper, and are only justifiable in old or rheumatic subjects. The grand rule of health is to keep the head cool, and the feet warm ; hence, the night cap cannot be too thin. In fact, the chief use of this piece of clothing is to preserve the hair, and prevent it from being disordered and matted together.

"Sleeping in stockings is a bad and uncleanly habit, which should never be practised. By accustoming ourselves to do without any covering on the feet, we will seldom experience any uneasy feeling of cold in these parts, provided we have a sufficiency of clothing about us, to keep the rest of the system comfortable. and if, notwithstanding, they still remain cold, this can easily be obviated by wrapping a warm flannel-cloth around them, or by applying to them, for a few minutes, a heated iron, or a bottle of warm water.

"The posture of the body must also be attended to. The head should be tolerably elevated, especially in plethoric subjects : consequently, the bolster or pillows must be suitable to this purpose. The position, from the neck downwards, ought to be as nearly as possible horizontal. The half sitting posture, with the shoulders considerably elevated, is exceedingly injurious, as the thoracic and abdominal viscera are thereby compressed, and respiration, digestion, and circulation, materially impeded. Lying upon the back is also improper, in consequence of its bad effect upon the breathing, and tendency to produce nightmare. Most people pass the greater part of the night upon the side, which is certainly the most comfortable position that can be assumed in sleep. According to Dr. A. Hunter, women who love their husbands generally lie on the right side. On this point, I can give no opinion. I have known individuals who could not sleep except upon the back, but these are rare cases."

OBSERVATIONS ON EARLY RISING.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Every circumstance contributes to render early rising advisable to those who are in the enjoyment of health. There is no time of the day equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night had flung over her, and stands before us like a young bride, from whose aspect the veil which covered her loveliness, has been withdrawn. The whole material world has a vivifying appearance. The husbandman is up at his labour, the forest leaves sparkle with drops of crystal dew, the flowers raise their rejoicing heads towards the sun, the birds pour forth their anthems of gladness, and the wide face of creation itself seems as if awakened and refreshed from a mighty slumber. All these things, however, are but from the eyes of the sluggard : nature, in her most glorious aspect, is, to him, a sealed book ; and while ever scene around him is full of beauty, interest, and animation, he alone is passionless and uninspired. Behold him stretched upon the couch of rest ! In vain does the clock proclaim that the reign of day has commenced ! In vain does the morning light stream fiercely in by the chinks of the window, as if to startle him from his repose ! He hears not—he sees not, for blindness and deafness rule over him with despotic sway, and lay a